ISAAC ROSENSWEIG

IN ROSENSWEIG WRITES HIS CONFESSION.

HARRIS BLANK

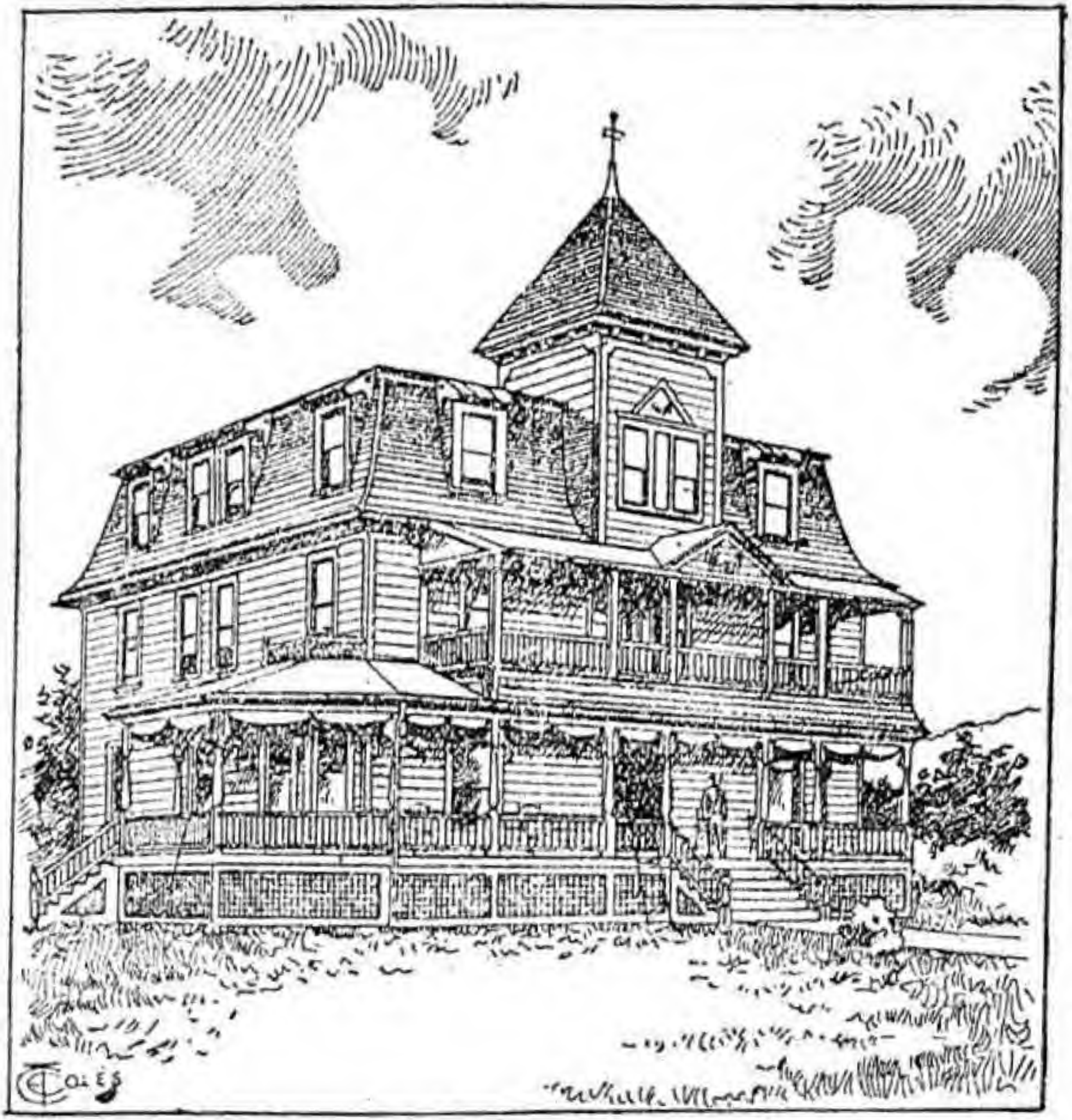
BLANK IN HIS CELL

SCENES IN CONNECTION WITH THE TUNKHANNOCK EXECUTION.

JUGGLING WITH A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Brave (?) Fall River Police in Their Great Hatchet Throwing Feat Which Failed to Convict Lizzie Borden of Murder.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL COUPLE--DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MAY, OF TECK.



LAKE KEUKA SANITARIUM.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE HAPPY FATHER.

TWO OF THE NEWEST COATS.

Here are sketched a duo of the latest models of Parisian coats: No. 2. is made of box cloth in chestnut brown, with a seam at the waist under a thick cord and a cape cut square at the back with two points at the front made of beaver, the cuffs and collar being trimmed to match. No. 1, "Figaro," with its picturesquely full basque set out in pleats like those coats of the French chevaliers of old. The round yoke is made of velvet, and attached to it is a capitally-cut collar edged with mink; the lining is of satin, and all together it is a luxurious garment.

OUR REPUBLICAN CARTOON.

"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER,
AFTER THE DANCE IS DONE."—*Judge.*

THE "TELEGRAM'S" GRAND FINALE FOR 1893.

MISS HIGH KICK TO THE RESCUE.

1—Miss High Kick—What's the matter, little boy?
Little Boy—Kite's caught in tree. Boo hoo—can't get it. Boo hoo!

2—Miss High Kick—Don't cry, Ill get it for you !!! $$!!!

3—Little Boy—Oh, thank you, ma'am.

THE HUMORISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A LONG TRAMP.

"To avoid the racket and smoke of the celebration I took a long tramp out into the country today."

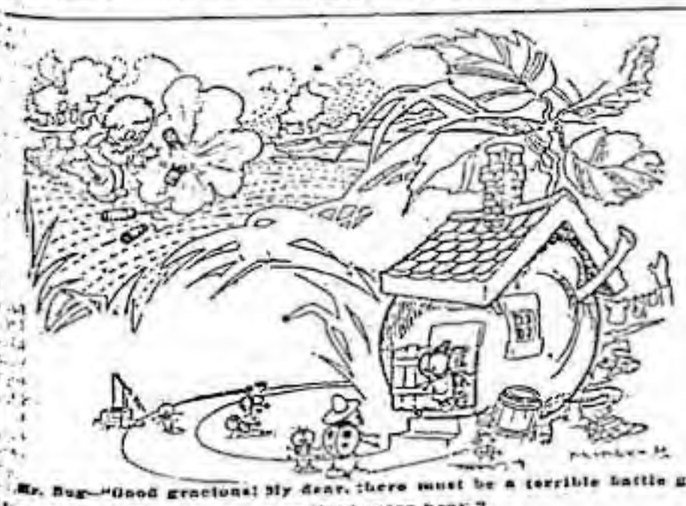
"What strange taste you displayed in the choice of an escort! Did your tall friend prove to be an agreeable companion?"

MERCANTILE PATRIOTISM.

"I wisht I 'tood buy dat daisy frog, but I on'y dot five cents. Can't you sell it for dat?"

"My dar little sir, I'll never lower the Stars and Stripes."

HOW OUR FATHERS FOUGHT.



Mr. Bug—"Good gracious! My dear, there must be a terrible battle going on somewhere; the cannonading is very heavy."

THE SPIRIT OF FOURTH OF JULY.

IN A MINUTE.

She—"Some one ought to tell that boy's mother that he's in mischief."
He—"She'll probably hear a report to that effect."

First Rat—What in the world are you eating that horrid stuff for?
Second Rat—I'm cultivating my voice.

Bootblack—What yer goin' to have for Fourth?
Tender Tommie—Mamma says I kin have some ginger snaps and soda crackers.

A FOURTH-OF-JULY INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

"What, you want another 10 cents to buy punk? Light your cracker from my cigar, Samuel, I am not made of money."

Samuel—"Methinks I'd better light out—something tells me there'll be much doing presently."

Moral—"Don't be a light dad."

Two Meanings of One Saying.

To hang up one's fiddle is an American proverb, meaning to desist, to give up. Sam Slick says: "When a man loses his temper and ain't cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle," and in Dow's sermons occurs the passage: "If a man at 42 is not in a fair way to get his share of the world's spoils, he might as well hang up his fiddle and be content to dig his way through life as best he may." In English literature the phrase is used in a totally different sense. To "Hang up one's fiddle with one's hat" is said of a man who, while pleasant abroad, is churlish or stupid at home. For example: "Maybe so," retorted the lady. "Mr. N. can be very agreeable when I am absent and anywhere but at home. I always say he hangs his fiddle up with his hat."

THE REV. O. SHAW FIDDLE, D. D.
He Is a Victim of Misplaced Patriotism.

1.

"Ah, how inspiring the martial music. It takes one back to the days of seventy-six, when the drum did beat its warning notes for all patriots to gather for the defense of liberty and freedom."

2.

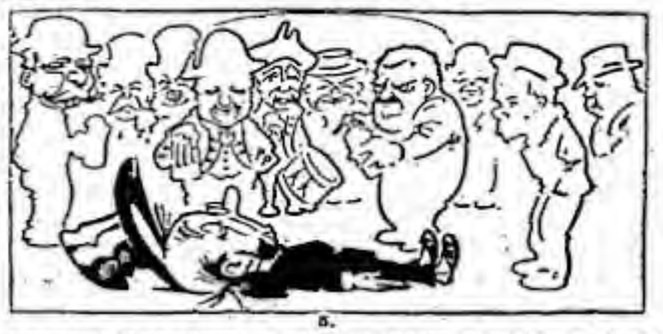
"I will follow them a little way. One can imagine that these others who follow in the wake of fife and drum are come from East, North, South and West, imbued with but one purpose—incited by a single motive."

3.

"We gaze upon the drummer brave and toofer of the flute to feel our pulses thrill, and with them go the cheers and plaudits of the other brave hearts soon to follow, as onward march the musicians to liberty or—"

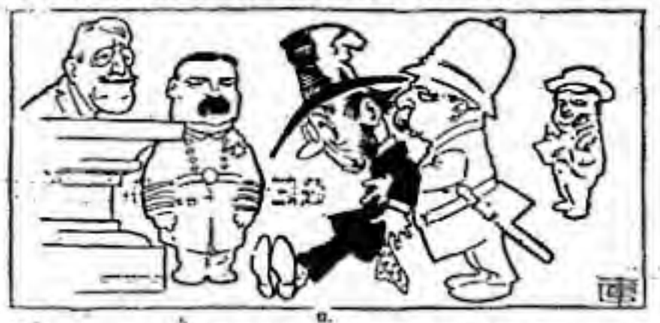
4.

"Goodness me! Where have my footsteps wandered? My senses reel—all grows—"



5.

Remarks of Bystanders—"He went all to pieces in a minute—He's got a 'bate—Give him the siphon, Jerry—Does anybody know where he lives?—He won't sober up in a week—Somebody go for a cop."



6.

Magistrate—"You say that you are a clergyman and that you were overcome by nervous prostration in a rum hole, where your patriotism had unwittingly led you, eh? Well, that story is too thin, old man. You look to me like an old rounder. Your Fourth of July celebration will stand you in 10 days or $10."

"Come, Kittie, I won't hurt you."

POOR BOY!

1

Mr. Robbin—"Young man do you smoke cigarettes?"

Little Boy—"Oh! no sir. Tobacco contains nicotine, one drop of which will kill a dog. Cigarettes cause organic disturbances of the brain, stomach, heart, lungs and liver ending in St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy, dyspepsia, bronchitis, consumption, insanity and death."

2

Mr. Robbin—"Oh! well, if you feel that way about it I'll just throw away this box of cigarettes I was going to give you."